

*Ray Connors*

MARY HARTMAN,  
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #27

by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY . . . . .	LOUISE LASSER
TOM . . . . .	GREG MULLAVEY
LORETTA . . . . .	MARY KAY PLACE
CHARLIE . . . . .	GRAHAM JARVIS
MARTHA . . . . .	DODY GOODMAN
GEORGE . . . . .	PHIL BRUNS
CATHY . . . . .	DEBRALEE SCOTT
GRANDPA . . . . .	VICTOR KILIAN
ROBERTA . . . . .	SAMANTHA HARPER
MAE OLINSKI . . . . .	SALOME JENS
DR. HASTINGS . . . . .	HOWARD MORTON
NURSE . . . . .	PAT STEVENS
DR. FERMIN . . . . .	OLIVER CLARK
NURSE-RECEPTIONIST . . . . .	
LAB TECHNICIAN . . . . .	

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ACT ONEHOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

THERE IS A SIGN ON LORETTA'S DOOR:  
"NO VISITORS". AN ANXIOUS CHARLIE  
IS WAITING WITH GOOD-NEIGHBOR  
MARTHA.

CHARLIE

If that doctor doesn't come out of that  
room pretty soon and tell me how Loretta  
is, I'm gonna climb right straight up this  
wall.

MARTHA

I'm sure she's going to be all right,  
Charlie.

CHARLIE

Oh, I know she is. I'm not worried. It's  
just that I can't stand this waiting.  
It's like that beautiful song Loretta  
wrote: I'll Wait For You Forever But  
My Backside's Gettin' Wore.

MARTHA

I just don't know how she gets her ideas  
for all those songs.

CHARLIE

She's a genius, Martha, and the way a genius's mind works is something us non-geniuses will never understand.

MARTHA

I can't figure out how my own husband's mind works. Why is he so set on becoming an officer in the union?

CHARLIE

I guess he feels it's his civic duty. You've got to admire a man for that. Union office attracts high-minded men, unselfish, willing to sacrifice their time and their strength for their fellow-workers.

MARTHA

The last president of the local got fifteen years for embezzling union funds.

CHARLIE REACTS STRONGLY TO THE SIGHT OF A WORRIED-LOOKING LAB TECHNICIAN WITH AN AIR OF EMERGENCY WHEELING A LAB CART INTO LORETTA'S ROOM.

CHARLIE

What's that????

MARTHA

It's a cart.

CHARLIE

What are they bringing a cart into Loretta's room for???

MARTHA

Charlie, you are worried.



CHARLIE

No, I'm not. I'm sure Loretta's going to be all right. It's just that I...

MARTHA

(INTERRUPTS) Charlie, nothing is so bad it couldn't be worse.

CHARLIE

That's a very comforting thought, Martha.

MARTHA

That's what I'm here for, Charlie: to comfort you.

CHARLIE

I appreciate it.

MARTHA

Things can always be worse. I remember my uncle Wilbur. He worked in a cardboard factory. And one day he came home with a splinter in his finger. Just a little splinter. But it turned out to be full of gangrene.

CHARLIE

Oh, that's terrible.

MARTHA

The next day they had to amputate his leg.

CHARLIE

Because he had a splinter in his finger?

MARTHA

No, he had some kind of a growth in his leg. I'm just trying to show you that things can always be worse.

CHARLIE

Oh.

MARTHA

I remember this all so clear, even though it was fourteen years ago. He died two months after they took his leg off.

CHARLIE

From the operation?

MARTHA

No, he got hit by a cross-town bus.

(STARTS TO CRY)

CHARLIE

(COMFORTING) Martha, that was fourteen years ago. Why are you crying now?

MARTHA

(CRYING) I can't stop thinkin' about my Uncle Wilbur. Isn't it terrible the way people are dying all the time? That's something I can't help thinking about whenever I'm in a hospital.

CHARLIE

Martha, maybe you'll feel better if you go home.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It was real kind of you to come down and  
you've really given me a lot of comfort.

So if...

HE CUTS OFF AS HASTINGS COMES OUT  
OF LORETTA'S ROOM. CHARLIE APPROACHES  
HIM FOLLOWED BY MARTHA.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

How is she?

HASTINGS

There've been some complications.  
Complications that I could not possibly  
have anticipated, you understand.

CHARLIE

What kind of complications?

HASTINGS

(PATRONIZING) I'm trying to explain,  
if you'll allow me.

MARTHA

(TO HASTINGS) He's kind of nervous. I'm  
sure you understand. After all, his...

HASTINGS

(INTERRUPTS, NOW PATRONIZING MARTHA) Yes.  
(TO CHARLIE) The operation unfortunately  
did not go as I had planned it. We weren't  
able to locate all the bone chips indicated  
in the X-rays and your wife's vital signs  
took a sudden drop which caused us to  
terminate the procedure as quickly as  
possible.

(MORE)

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

Under ordinary circumstances, you understand, I...

CHARLIE

(INTERRUPTS) No, I don't understand!

All I want to know is: how is my wife?

HASTINGS

Her condition is stable...

CHARLIE

What does that mean?

HASTINGS

She's going to live.

CHARLIE

Of course she's going to live!

HASTINGS

But it is very possible that she will never be able to walk again.

CHARLIE

(JUST WON'T ACCEPT THAT) Oh, no. No, no. You're wrong about that. You may know all those fancy medical school words, but you don't know my Loretta. She's not only gonna walk again. She's gonna run and jump and dance and skip just as good as she ever did.

(MORE)



## CHARLIE (CONT'D)

She's gonna go waltzing out of this  
hospital so fast and graceful and pretty  
you'll think you're looking at the whole  
darn Radio City Music Hall Rockettes!  
What do you think about that???

## HASTINGS

Fine. But you have to walk before you  
can waltz.

FADE OUT

ACT TWOSHUMWAY KITCHEN, HALF HOUR LATER - NIGHT

GEORGE, SOLO, IN A FOUL MOOD, IS AT TABLE, READING NEWSPAPER, ANGRILY TURNING THE PAGES, TOO ANGRY TO CONCENTRATE MUCH ON READING. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH FROM TIME TO TIME. MOMENT.

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES -- OFF

GEORGE

(CALLS) Martha?

GRANDPA'S VOICE

(OFF, CALLS) No, it's me.

GRANDPA, STILL WEARING OVERCOAT, ENTERS FROM LIVING ROOM AND HEADS FOR KITCHEN CABINET, LOOKS IN CABINET. ROBERTA, TEARY, IN STREET CLOTHES, ENTERS FROM LIVING ROOM.

GRANDPA

Where's the peanut butter?

GEORGE

I thought you two went out for dinner.

GRANDPA

Does that mean I can't eat again for the rest of my life?... Why doesn't Martha leave the peanut butter where it's supposed to be?

GEORGE

(BAD HUMOR) Why doesn't Martha leave herself where she's supposed to be?

A SMALL SOB ESCAPES FROM ROBERTA.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(MORE ANNOYED THAN SYMPATHETIC) What's the matter with you?

ROBERTA

Oh, it was just terrible at dinner. All my friends laughed at me. I was never so humiliated.

GRANDPA

I had a wonderful time. I did my handkerchief trick.

ROBERTA

They said I was ridiculous for going with such an old man. (TO GRANDPA) But you're younger than any of them.

GEORGE

You must have some pretty ancient friends.

ROBERTA

I mean in spirit. Do you know what he did?

GEORGE

I'm afraid to ask.

ROBERTA

We were at a seafood restaurant...

GRANDPA

Neptune's Nest.

ROBERTA

And he ordered lobster and he said he wanted a female lobster but nobody knew how to tell a female lobster, not even the waiter, but he knew and he showed them how to tell the difference and I think that's wonderful.

GEORGE

Wonderful if you're a lobster, maybe.

ROBERTA

(SAD) I guess I better go home. Good night, Raymond. (KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK)

GRANDPA

I hope you feel better.

ROBERTA

I'm not sure I'll ever feel better.

(RUNS OUT)

GRANDPA

(BACK TO THE SEARCH) Where's that peanut butter?

MARTHA, IN STREET COAT, ENTERS  
THROUGH BACK DOOR.

GEORGE

(VERY DISPLEASED) Martha, where have you been?

MARTHA

Someone needed me, George.



GEORGE

What do you mean, "someone needed you"??  
It's ten minutes to eight, and I haven't  
had my dinner yet. I needed you.

GRANDPA

I'm going to bed. I can't stand this  
arguing. That's all married people ever  
do. Argue. That's why I'm not going to  
marry Roberta.

MARTHA

George, you... (LATE TAKE) Marry Roberta?  
What are you talking about?

GRANDPA

(OFF HAND) Oh, didn't I tell you? She  
proposed to me. (EXITS TO LIVING ROOM)

GEORGE

Oh, brother.

MARTHA

As I was saying...

GEORGE

Don't bother to finish.

MARTHA

You don't need me. You never need me.  
You make up your mind to run for union  
office, and you don't even talk it over  
with your wife.

GEORGE

I talked it over with you.

MARTHA

But you didn't agree not to run like I told you not to. That's not talking it over.

GEORGE

Okay, Martha, who needed you tonight more than I did?

MARTHA

Charlie Haggars, that's who. And I'm mighty glad I was with him in the hospital because I was his strength and his comfort.

GEORGE

What's happened? Is Loretta worse?

MARTHA

For your information, the doctor says she may never walk again.

GEORGE

(SINCERELY) That's terrible. She's a nice woman. I just wish she'd stop singing those songs of hers. I don't know how Charlie stands it.

MARTHA

He loves her.

SHORT PAUSE AS MARTHA SETS ABOUT PREPARATIONS FOR DINNER.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Well?

GEORGE

Well what?

MARTHA

Well, did you tell those union people  
you don't want to run for office?

GEORGE

Martha, I'm going to run for union office,  
and I don't want to hear any more about it.

CATHY COMES HOME.

CATHY

Hi. (TO GEORGE) Hello, Doll. (KISSES  
HIM)

GEORGE

Hello, Princess.

MARTHA

Well?

CATHY

Yes, Mother, I did.

GEORGE

(UTTERLY CONFUSED) What? What're you  
talking about?

CATHY

Mother asked me if I got a job when I  
went out looking for one today, and I  
said "Yes, mother, I did."

GEORGE

You're wonderful, Princess, the way you  
understand that code of hers. I've been  
married to her for forty years and I still  
don't know what she's talking about half  
the time. You're wonderful.

CATHY

Thank you, Doll. (GIVES HIM A LITTLE KISS)

MARTHA

What kind of a job?

CATHY

Kind of a personal service job.

MARTHA

Doing what?

CATHY

It's a job in a massage parlor.

MARTHA

(NO WAY) Oh, no. Oh, no, no, no, no.

No daughter of mine is going to work in one of those dens of iniquity. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

CATHY

Mother, you don't know what you're talking about. Daddy, tell her.

GEORGE

(GENTLY) I don't know exactly what to tell her, honey. Those massage parlors aren't exactly the best places for a young girl to work.

CATHY

(TAKING UMBRAGE) Well, if that's all you think of me, you can give me back my kiss.

GEORGE

(APPEASING) Now wait a minute, Cathy...



CATHY

How could you possibly think I would work in a massage parlor that has anything nasty about it? I'm working in a perfectly legitimate place.

GEORGE

All right, Martha; there's your answer. You heard the girl. It's a legitimate place.

MARTHA

There is no such thing as a legitimate massage parlor.

GEORGE

Martha, there's nothing wrong with giving massages. It's a respectable profession. Physical therapy.

MARTHA

For that kind of massaging, you need experience. For the kind of massaging in those downtown massage parlors, all you need is a dirty mind.

GEORGE

(EXPLODES) All right, Martha, that does it! When you're talking about massage parlors, you're talking about something a man knows, not a woman. Cathy wouldn't take a job in the kind of place you're talking about.

CATHY

The man who owns the place said I have golden fingers.

GEORGE

And she does. How many times have I come home tired and tense and Cathy just rubs her fingers in the back of my neck and I'm all relaxed. (TO CATHY) When do you start?

CATHY

Tomorrow. Right now, I've got to get dressed. Steve is taking me out dancing. Thanks for being so understanding.

KISSES GEORGE AND EXITS TO LIVING ROOM.

GEORGE

(RISING) Never mind about dinner. I don't feel like eating. I'm going to bed. (STARTS TO EXIT)

MARTHA

Not until we talk some more about your running for union office.

GEORGE EXITS INTO LIVING ROOM.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(TO HER PLANT) I don't know what the world is coming to. A thirty-year old woman proposes to my father. My daughter is working in a massage parlor.

(MORE)

## MARTHA (CONT'D)

My other daughter's husband isn't living with her. My husband wants to be a union officer so he can go to those convention banquets in Milwaukee and make hanky-panky with a naked girl in a cake. And you, you poor little darling, you're wilting.

FADE OUT

ACT THREESCENE 1MARY'S KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

MARY, STILL IN HER NIGHTGOWN AND ROBE, CARRYING HEATHER'S LUNCHBOX, IS RUNNING ACROSS THE ROOM TOWARD THE DOOR, AS:

MARY

(CALLS) Heather! Heather, you forgot  
your lunch.

MARY EXITS RUNNING. TOASTER POPS UP, EJECTING TWO PIECES OF TOAST WHICH FALL TO THE FLOOR. MARY RE-ENTERS, MINUS THE LUNCH BOX. SHE DOES NOT SEE THE TOAST ON THE FLOOR. SHE LOOKS AT THE TOASTER, IS PUZZLED.

MARY (CONT'D)

(VERY PUZZLED) I thought I put the toast  
on. I must be losing my mind.

PUTS IN TWO MORE PIECES OF BREAD TO TOAST. NERVOUS AND WORRIED -- AS WE KNOW SHE IS -- SHE PROCEEDS WITH OTHER PREPARATIONS FOR BREAKFAST. SHE NERVOUSLY OVER-REACTS, AS:

SFX: PHONE RINGS

MARY (CONT'D)

(TO PHONE) Hello... (TESTY) Tom, we  
have nothing to talk about, so let's  
talk about it and get it over with...

(MORE)



MARY (CONT'D)

..."How am I"? Just fine, considering  
that I'm riddled with disease.

THE TOASTER POPS UP, EJECTING TWO  
PIECES OF TOAST. MARY REACTS, BUT  
BEING TIED TO THE PHONE, CAN'T DO  
ANYTHING ABOUT IT, AND THEY FALL  
TO THE FLOOR.

MARY (CONT'D)

Tom, what did you call up for?... (TESTY)

Yes, yes, I made an appointment with the  
doctor. But I'm not looking forward to  
it... What do you mean, "Venereal disease  
is no worse than a head cold"? Tom, I  
thought we were separated: I don't think  
we should be talking to each other.

Anyway I've got enough on my mind, I'm in  
the middle of making Heather's breakfast.  
Loretta's never going to walk again. I've  
got this awful doctor's appointment this  
afternoon. And my toast is on the floor.  
Goodbye.

SHE HANGS UP. SHE GOES TO RETRIEVE  
HER TOAST FROM THE FLOOR -- AND FINDS  
FOUR PIECES OF TOAST.

MARY (CONT'D)

(PUZZLED) Four pieces? How can that be?

CUT TO:

SCENE 2LORETTA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

LORETTA IN BED. CHARLIE ENTERS,  
CARRYING A WRAPPED PACKAGE.

LORETTA

Hi, Baby Boy.

CHARLIE

(KISSES HER TENDERLY) How do you feel?

LORETTA

Just seeing you walk through that door  
makes me feel like I'm getting a gold  
record for a million-selling album.

CHARLIE

Which is something you're gonna get  
before very much longer.

LORETTA

I know it. Does that make me sound  
conceited?

CHARLIE

If a talented, beautiful, artistic genius  
like you can't be conceited, who can?  
And you are a talented, beautiful, artistic  
genius. You know that, don't you?

LORETTA

Oh, sure, but I don't think being conceited  
is good for my public image.

CHARLIE

I tell you what: we'll just let that be  
our little secret.

LORETTA

(SHE SMILES -- THEN:) Charlie, I can't get any straight answers out of that doctor. Did he tell you anything about how my operation went?

CHARLIE

(LYING IN HIS TEETH) He said everything's just fine.

LORETTA

Oh, that's good. 'Cause, to tell you the truth, I been a little bit worried. My legs feel kind of funny.

CHARLIE

(DESPERATE AD LIB) Oh, that's just 'cause you been off them for so long.

LORETTA

You think that's what it is?

CHARLIE

Sure. (REFERRING TO HIS PACKAGE) Hey, look what I got for you. (UNWRAPPING IT) Something to take the place of your lucky teddy bear Scruggsy that we lost in the accident. (REVEALS A NEW TEDDY BEAR)

LORETTA

Oh, Sugar Boy, that's just adorable.

CHARLIE

I thought maybe we could name it Scruggsy Junior.

NURSE ENTERS.

NURSE

May I speak to you for a moment, Mr.  
Haggers?

CHARLIE

Sure.

NURSE LEADS CHARLIE AWAY FROM THE  
BED FOR A PRIVATE CONVERSATION.

NURSE

Mr. Haggers, the business office has  
been checking into your financial  
condition and they're concerned about  
how you intend to make payments for your  
wife's treatment. They want to talk to  
you about it.

CHARLIE

Tell them not to worry about it.

NURSE

Then you have some way of meeting your  
obligation?

CHARLIE

The Lord will provide.

NURSE

I doubt that the business office will find  
that sufficient security.

NURSE EXITS. CHARLIE'S SHOW OF SELF-  
ASSURANCE DISAPPEARS AND HE IS MIGHTY  
WORRIED.

FADE OUT



ACT FOURSCENE 1DR. FERMIN'S OFFICE, NOON

NURSE-RECEPTIONIST IS AT DESK.  
MARY ENTERS, NERVOUS AND UNCERTAIN.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes?

MARY

I have an appointment. I think I do.  
You better check it. If I don't, I  
can come back some other time.

RECEPTIONIST

(CHECKS APPOINTMENT BOOK) Are you Mrs.  
Hartman?

MARY

Yes, but maybe it was another Mrs.  
Hartman that made the appointment. It's  
a common name. I wouldn't want to take  
somebody else's appointment.

RECEPTIONIST

No, we only have one Mrs. Hartman  
scheduled.

MARY

Oh.

RECEPTIONIST

(PEN AT THE READY) What is it that you're  
seeing the doctor about?

MARY

I don't want to tell you. (BEAT) I'll  
tell the doctor.

RECEPTIONIST

I see. If you'll have a seat, the  
doctor will see you soon.

MARY

Thank you very much.

MARY SITS ON COUCH, WAITS NERVOUSLY.  
RECEPTIONIST RETURNS TO HER DESK.  
MOMENT. MARY RISES AND APPROACHES  
DESK.

MARY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, where is the ladies room,  
please?

RECEPTIONIST

Down the corridor, third door on your  
right. (GIVES MARY THE KEY)

MARY

Thank you.

MARY GOES TO THE DOOR, THINKS  
BETTER OF IT, COMES BACK TO DESK.

MARY (CONT'D)

Maybe I better not.

MARY GIVES THE KEY BACK, RETURNS TO  
COUCH, SITS, WAITS NERVOUSLY. MOMENT.  
TOM ENTERS. HE SEES MARY, SMILES A  
TENTATIVE GREETING, OPENS HIS MOUTH TO  
SPEAK, BUT MARY DELIBERATELY TURNS HER  
FACE AWAY. TOM APPROACHES DESK.

TOM

Hello. My name is Hartman?

RECEPTIONIST

(REFERRING TO APPOINTMENT BOOK) Oh,  
yes, Mr. Hartman. (A LOGICAL THOUGHT)  
Are you together?

MARY

I'm not.

RECEPTIONIST

(TO TOM WITH A PROFESSIONAL SMILE)  
What seems to be wrong with us this  
afternoon?

TOM

We seem to have a social disease.

RECEPTIONIST'S SMILE VANISHES.  
SHE MAKES NOTATION.

RECEPTIONIST

If you'll just have a seat.

TOM SITS ON COUCH NEXT TO MARY.  
SHE DELIBERATELY RISES AND SITS  
IN A CHAIR.

SFX: COMMUNICATION BUZZER

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

(TO PHONE) Yes, Doctor... Very well.

(HANGS UP. TO MARY) The doctor will  
see you now.

MARY RISES NERVOUSLY.

TOM

Good luck.

MARY

(TO RECEPTIONIST) Does the doctor  
judge?

RECEPTIONIST

What?

MARY

Nothing.

MARY IGNORES HIM AND  
NERVOUSLY GOES INTO INNER  
OFFICE.

CUT TO:

SCENE 2

DOCTOR'S INNER OFFICE

AS MARY ENTERS TO DR. FERMIN

FERMIN

(NICELY) Hello, Mrs. Hartman. Sit  
down.

MARY SITS ACROSS THE DESK FROM  
HIM. HE GLANCES AT THE CARD  
RECEPTIONIST HAS BROUGHT HIM.

FERMIN (CONT'D)

What seems to be the trouble?

MARY

Liver trouble.

FERMIN

Oh? Are you sure?

MARY

Quite sure.

FERMIN

Why is that?

MARY

Well, I read a book. About the symptoms.  
But I am confused about one thing.

FERMIN

What's that?

MARY

Well, can you get liver trouble from  
using a public restroom?

FERMIN GETS THE MESSAGE. NODS NO.  
HE LOOKS AT MARY, UNDERSTANDING AND  
SYMPATHETIC. MARY STARTS TO CRY.

FERMIN

(KINDLY) Now, now, there's nothing to  
be upset about.

MARY

(CRYING) I'm so ashamed.

FERMIN

There's nothing to be ashamed of. It's  
an illness that can be treated, just  
like any other illness.

MARY

But it's venereal disease. You can die  
from it. It's not like a cold.

FERMIN

Actually, we know how to cure it much  
better than we know how to cure a cold.

MARY

But this can make you crazy in the  
head, Doctor, can't it?

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

At what stage do you start to get crazy  
in the head -- because I've already  
noticed... like breakfast this morning.

FERMIN

(INTERRUPTS, GENTLE REBUKE) Oh, Mrs.  
Hartman. It's dreadful how many  
ridiculous superstitions have grown  
up around the whole subject of venereal  
disease. I wish people would understand  
that the important thing is it should  
be treated promptly. Which I'm glad to  
see is what you're doing. So please  
understand that we're going to cure  
this completely. And please try to  
understand that there is absolutely no  
reason to hide your head in shame.

MARY

This wasn't my fault.

FERMIN

I'm sure it wasn't.

MARY

No, really -- this wasn't my fault.  
I had absolutely nothing to do with  
this.

FERMIN

Of course you didn't.

(MORE)

## FERMIN (CONT'D)

What happened to you happened not under any shameful circumstances but in a beautiful moment.

## MARY

I have no idea what kind of a moment it was -- I wasn't there.

## FERMIN

Mrs. Hartman, it happened in a moment of love. (GENTLE AND REASONABLE)  
Now, didn't it?

## MARY

(BEGINNING TO FEEL BETTER, NODS) Yeah, with my husband. (FERMIN SMILES NICELY AND REASSURINGLY AT HER. BRIEF PAUSE)

## FERMIN

You're not allergic to penicillin, are you?

## MARY

No... I don't like it but I'm not allergic to it.

## FERMIN

Then everything is just fine. What we'll do is take some tests. We'll have the results tomorrow. And if any treatments are necessary...

## MARY

Treatments?



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FERMIN

They'll be painless, and you'll be  
cured in no time, at all. Now, could  
I see a little smile?

MARY

I swear this wasn't my fault.

FERMIN

Now just stop in the laboratory. It's  
the first door on your left as you go  
out.

MARY

Thank you, Dr. Fermin. (GOES TO DOOR,  
OPENS IT, LOOKS BACK AT FERMIN) Thank  
you very much. I feel so much better.

CUT TO:SCENE 3FERMIN'S WAITING ROOM

AS MARY ENTERS FROM INNER OFFICE,  
HER SMILE IN PLACE. TOM AND MAE  
ARE SITTING ON THE COUCH.

TOM

(WHO HEARD MARY'S LAST LINE; SWEETLY  
AND ENDEARINGLY) I'm glad you're  
feeling better.

MAE

(TENTATIVELY) So am I. (MARY'S SMILE  
DIES AS SHE BECOMES AWARE OF MAE'S  
PRESENCE)

FADE OUT.

ACT FIVEFERMIN'S WAITING ROOM - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

RECEPTIONIST

The doctor will see you now, Mr.

Hartmen.

TOM RISES, WANTS TO SAY SOMETHING  
TO MARY, CAN'T THINK OF WHAT TO SAY,  
EXITS INTO INNER OFFICE. MARY  
HESITATES, APPROACHES MAE

MAE

(SINCERELY) I'm really sorry about  
this, Mrs. Hartman. I don't know  
what else to say.

MARY

You could say you did a terrible thing.

MAE

(WILLING TO LET MARY HAVE HER WAY)  
I did a terrible thing.

MARY

That's very sweet of you. Well, all  
I can say is that, as far as I'm  
concerned, you can have Tom if you  
want him.

MAE

Are you sure you mean that?

MARY

Yes -- you see I don't want him any more, and there's no sense letting him go to waste.

MAE

Mrs. Hartman, I hope you can understand that I am not a home-wrecker.

MARY

Oh no, no, no, no, no, I didn't think that. I never did think that and I never will think that. (BEAT)  
Somebody wrecked my home.

MAE

(INTERRUPTS) What I mean is, I don't think I'm basically that kind of person. And about what's happened -- to all of us -- the three of us -- I mean the reason we're all here in a doctor's office -- I just want you to know that it never happened to me before.

MARY

It's an illness. It's nothing to be ashamed of. It happened in a moment of love... with my husband.

MAE

Oh, that's a very sensible attitude.

(MORE)

MAE (CONT'D)

I can see that you're much more  
intelligent than people would think  
you are.

MARY

Thank you.

MAE

I think maybe you can understand how  
it is for a woman to be divorced and  
alone.

MARY

It's very hard for me to understand.

MAE

I hope that some day you'll find it  
in your heart to forgive me.

MARY

Oh, I forgive you. What did you do?  
You didn't do anything but spread disease.  
It's Tom, I will not forgive.

MAE

Are you sure you can't forgive him? Are  
you sure you want to give him up?  
Are you really sure?

MARY

(VERY TENTATIVE) Yes. (WITH FORCED  
ASSURANCE) Yes. Yes, I'm sure.

MARY EXITS. MAE SITS THINKING OVER  
THE SITUATION AND SEEMS PLEASED.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE #27